

When we survey the wondrous cross

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

101

(Guitar: Capo 1)

D **A** **Bm** **D** **G** **D** **G** **D** **A** **D** **A**
1. When we sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Lord of glo - ry died, Our
A **E⁷** **A** **A⁷** **D** **E⁷** **A** **Bm** **Em⁷** **D** **Em** **D** **G** **D** **A⁷** **D**
rich - est gain we count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all our pride.

2. Our God forbid that we should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, our Lord;
All the vain things that charm us most,
We'd sacrifice them to His blood.
3. There from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flowed mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. His dying crimson, from His head
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
To all the world then am I dead,
And all the world is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature ours,
That were an offering far too small;
Love that transcends our highest pow'rs,
Demands our heart, our life, our all.